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# A New Song Concerning the Boxing Match between the Ancient British Boxer, John Bull, and the Elf, Buonaparte

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## A New Song

Concerning the Boxing Match  
between that ancient British  
Boxer,

JOHN BULL,

and the Elf,

B U O N A P A R T E.

Tune—The Black Sloven.

Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-Lane.

NEIGHBOURS come listen to what I  
shall tell,  
'Tis of Buonaparte, who cuts a great swell.  
Who cuts a great swell  
Who a long time in England been wanting  
to land,  
But can't bring it to bear as I understand.

### CHORUS.

Drink success to John Bull for ever,  
His health and bumper huzza.

Buonaparte to his second the devil did say,  
How old England to take I can't find out a  
way,

Says the devil why for it you with John Bull  
must box,

But say's Bony I fear he will give me hard  
knocks.

For ages I know and it still seems the same,  
John Bull for to box with I fear its in vain,  
See Britannia so close at his back she does  
stand,

And his strong wooden walls they are close  
at hand.

Says the devil I wonder you are so at a loss,  
When you know it is common for to fight  
across,

Say's Bony dear devil I fear you are not right  
For I can't cross the ocean by day nor by  
night,

At Malta you know he would not let me  
stay,

There Nelson and Sidney the boxed me away  
And forc'd me that high-road to India to  
leave,

Now he's block'd all my ports up which does  
me much grieve,

Says Britania to Johnny now give it him  
home,

The the true spirits of Englishmen now shall  
be known,

Says John Bull never fear but I'll put out  
his pipes,

Like a true British boxer I'll darken his  
lights.

Our Tars will at sea box the Corsican elf,  
Nay they are a match for his second the devil  
himself,

From Bonaparte and his host, now invasions  
ne'er fear,

For John Bull will him box, and keep your  
courses clear.